



The Madisonian.

Richmond, Kentucky, December 23, 1913.



Southern National Bank

Capital \$100,000

A. R. BURNAM, President J. S. BOGGS, Vice-President

J. E. GREENLEAF, Cashier

State Bank & Trust Co.

Capital \$150,000.00

Surplus \$25,000.00

J. A. Sullivan, President

H. B. Hanger, Vice-President

R. E. Turley, Cashier

Richmond, Kentucky.

**THE
MADISONIAN**

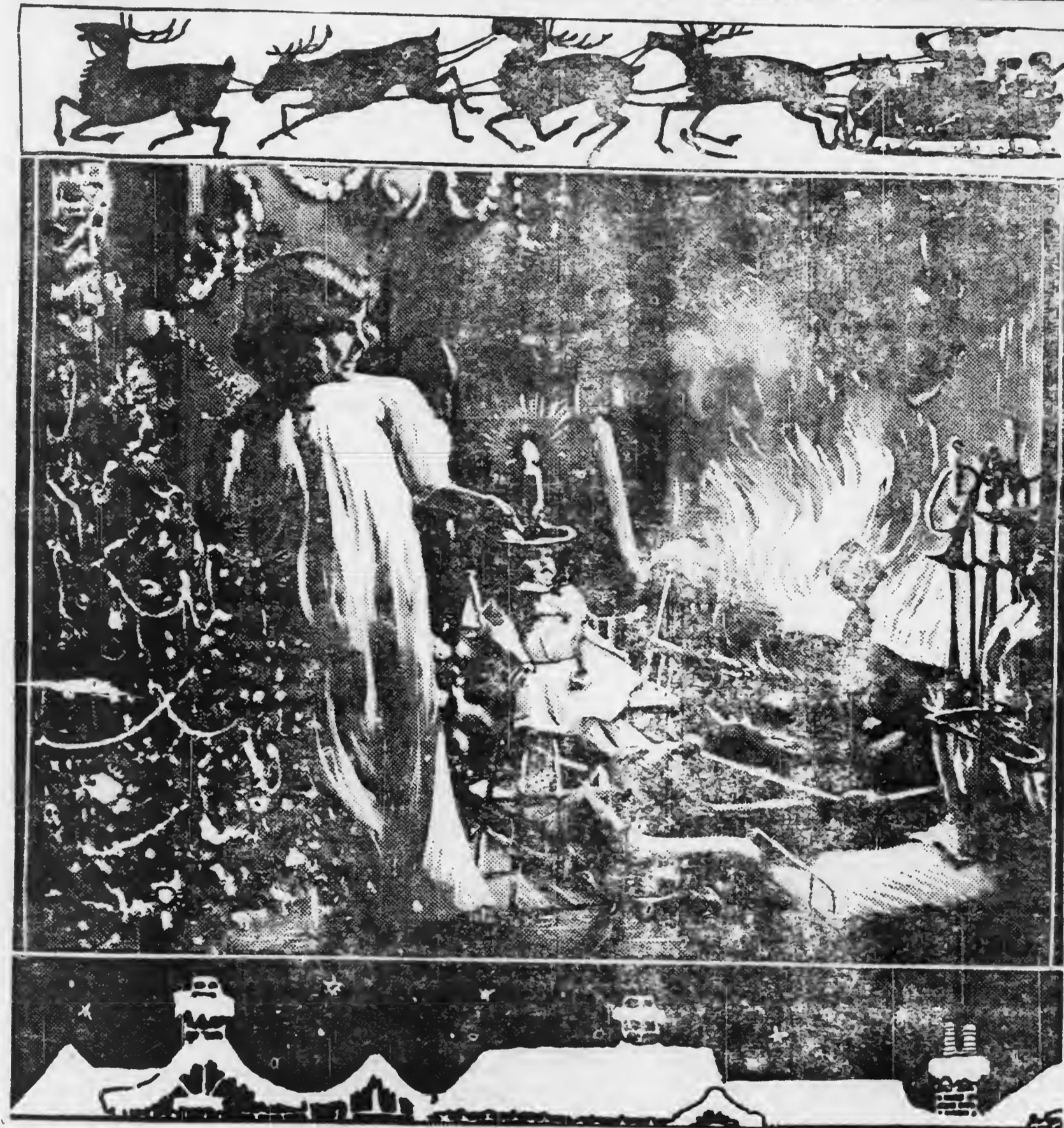
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The Madisonian.

Smudged Print

VOLUME I.

RICHMOND, KENTUCKY, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1913.

NUMBER 51.

KENTUCKY

Is In the Middle of a Bad Fix Financially.

OWES THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT.

Kentucky is in the middle of a very, very bad fix, financially. In addition to the two and one half million debt shown by its own books, it owes the Federal Government over one million dollars.

In 1836 the Federal Government distributed among the states many million dollars on the promise of the states to repay it. But Kentucky and some other states have forgotten to do so. Now the Government is reminding them that pay day has come.

If it demands interest on its debt the claim will amount to nearly six millions.

Several years ago Kentucky demanded of and was paid an old debt by the Federal Government. It was barred by limitation but was paid all the same.

Will Kentucky do like wise?

Here is a statement of our debt: The condition of the State Treasury at the close of business on November 30, as reported Tuesday, follows: Sinking fund, \$79,382.47; school fund, \$273,434.77; general expenditure fund \$486,726.96; balance in treasury, \$839,544.20. Outstanding warrants, November 30, \$2,806,461.32. Outstanding warrants, October 31, \$2,453,145.83.

Death of Mr. T. J. Berry

Mr. Thos. Berry, one of our oldest and most esteemed citizens, died at the home of his son George, in Lexington on Friday, and was buried in this city on Sunday at noon. Just about a year ago, his excellent wife preceded him to the grave, and a more genial, kindhearted old couple have never lived in our midst. Mr. Berry was 83 years of age and had spent the greater portion of his life here and always identified himself with the interests of the place.

His death marks the passing of an upright honest man, a kind neighbor, a devoted christian and surely has he entered into his reward.

Death of Little Mary Katherine Turpin

Little Mary Katherine Turpin, the six year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. C. Turpin, died on Tuesday of Diphtheria, and was buried Wednesday in the Richmond Cemetery. The child had been sick only three days and her death came as a great shock to her devoted parents.

The hearts of all go out in sympathy to them.

Re-elected Health Officer

Dr. C. J. Bates was re-elected Health Officer on last Friday afternoon at the meeting of the Board of Health of this city.

Dr. Bales has served in this capacity for many years and no better selection could have been made. We congratulate the Doctor.

Reversed

The case of Gott vs. the Berea College, from Madison county, has been affirmed in the Kentucky Court of Appeals.

(We will review this case editorially in a subsequent issue.)

Editors Meet

The Kentucky Press Association meets in Lexington, December 29 and 30.

Miss Quisenberry's Recital

On Friday evening in the Auditorium of Caldwell High School, the public was given a very delightful entertainment by Miss Quisenberry's class in Music. Seldom has it been our pleasure to hear finer rendering of difficult compositions than by some of the little folks on the programme.

Tabitha Cobb, possibly eleven years of age, played Largo (Handel) and Sonata op. 49 (Beethoven) in a manner really surprising. Misses Dorothy and Louise Terrill were among the youngest in the class and both acquitted themselves beautifully.

Miss Christine Sandlin, Miss Rose Pearlman and Miss Elizabeth Best, the more advanced pupils, gave several numbers by Bugbee, MacDowell and Hollander which were greatly enjoyed.

The two vocal numbers by Misses Cynthia Davison and Carrie Allman were lovely and gave promise of greater things hereafter; both voices were unusually sweet and clear.

And now the Orchestra, possibly we have saved the best for the last; for indeed, no city of this size can boast of better music than was heard on Friday evening: Violinist, Joe Guinchigliani; Cornetist, Chas. Stanifer; Drums, Nelson Elder and Frank Devore and Miss Quisenberry, Pianist. Those who have heard the latter, know the beauty of her playing, her technique is faultless, her tone charmingly poetic.

Summing up the entertainment as a whole, it was a success, and we tender our congratulations to Miss Quisenberry.

KILLED

While Crossing the Tracks of the L. & N. Near Perry Station.

While attempting to cross the L. & N. Railroad track in a buggy near Perry Station in Jessamine county, Alexander Hunter and his sister Belle were run down by the train. Hunter was killed and his sister badly injured. The train rounded a curve, and although the whistle was sounded several times, the occupants of the vehicle did not hear it, and the engineer was unable to stop his train and prevent the accident.

New Judicial District

The Franklin County Bar Association is discussing the question of reducing the size of the Franklin-Woodford-Bourbon-Scott Judicial district. The plan most generally suggested is to place Franklin and Woodford into a new district and attach Scott to the Fifteenth district, now composed of Owen, Boone, Carroll, Gallatin and Grant counties, and attach Bourbon to the Twenty-fifth district, now composed of Clark, Powell, Madison and Jessamine counties.

Plans College Merger

President R. H. Crossfield, of Transylvania University, is at Hopkinsville to close the details of the agreement under which McClean College is to be merged with the local institution. President A. C. Kuykendall, of McClean College, is to be given a professorship in the University.

Robert Alphonso Taft, son of former President William Howard Taft, who was one of the sixty-six applicants awarded certificates to practice law in Ohio, carried away the highest honors at the State Bar examination.

GREETINGS

At the close of a year of toil, worry and strife, we are at the threshold of a day of sweet peace. We feel its sacred influence coming over us like a benediction. The spirit of Christmas has entered our souls, transforming us into creatures of love and sympathy. The sordid feeling of hate that clouded our lives has been dispelled by the irradiation of Santa Claus sunshine.

May the animosities of the year die with it and may every soul be touched and rekindled with a boundless love cementing us in one great family.

We wish you one and all a Merry Christmas and a very happy New Year.

GREEN C. IGO

Called to His Reward Monday Night at Ten O'clock.

A VERY RICH MAN.

Green C. Igo, a prominent farmer living on the Lexington pike, died last night at about 10 o'clock. He was about 60 years old. He was born and raised in Madison county and lived here until about twenty years of age. Leaving this county he went to Texas where he was the manager of a large ranch, owned by Walker, Igo & Watts; a few years ago this partnership was dissolved and Mr. Igo went to New Mexico, and was in partnership with J. Stone Walker, formerly a banker of this place. This partnership did not continue very long but was dissolved and Mr. Igo returned to Madison county and bought the large farms of Lhelby and David Irvine on the Lexington pike.

Mr. Igo had amassed a considerable fortune, and his friends say that he is worth probably \$250,000. He was a bachelor. He left surviving him two brothers, Alex and Richard Igo, of this county and a sister, Mrs. Dr. G. G. Perry, of Stanford, Ky.

Doctors Meet

The Madison County Medical Association met in the spacious offices of Dr. M. Dunn on the 19th. Not all of the members were present, and those who were absent missed a very fine paper which was read by Dr. Dunn on the subject of "Diagnosis and Treatment of Diphtheria". After the reading of this paper an election was held for the offices for the ensuing year, and Dr. Dunn was elected as President, Dr. Scudder, Secretary, and Dr. W. K. Price, Vice President. After the routine business of the meeting was over, the doctors enjoyed themselves in social converse for an hour, and then adjourned to meet again January 8th, 1914.

Who?

A Winchester politician is out in a card saying he has quit the political game. The Fleming Gazette wants to know if it hasn't really quit him? Many are those who quit the game when they can no longer succeed in holding office, but few there are who quit so long as they can hold a fat, juicy one.

Jack Johnson was pelted with a great variety of stale vegetables after his defeat by the Scotch wrestler, Jimmy Esson. Esson won an easy victory over the negro pugilist at catch-as-catch-can.

William Remington Dead

Paris, Ky., Dec. 16.—The venerable B. F. Remington, who was stricken with paralysis last Wednesday, died at his home here in his eighty-fourth year. The funeral services will be held at the residence on Houston street Thursday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. Rev. J. T. Sharrard, of the Christian Church, officiating. Mr. Remington is survived by the following children:

William Remington, former editor of the Paris Democrat; Frank Remington a job printer of Paris; Ed. Remington, manager of the Douglas shoe house in St. Louis; Frazer Remington, of San Diego, Cal.; Mrs. J. P. Mann and Mrs. William Howard, of Richmond; Mrs. Alice Fisher, of Carlisle, and Mrs. Mamie Parrish, of Hamilton College, Lexington.

Mr. Remington was well known here where he had many friends. Mrs. Mann and Mrs. Howard have the sympathy of their numerous friends here.

POSTOFFICE

Should Control Telephone Service Says Congressman Lewis.

Congressman Lewis makes the statement that the telephone lines in the United States can be purchased for \$900,000,000. He is the author of the bill looking to the purchase of the telephone and telegraph utilities and putting them in the hands of the postoffice department.

Corn and Tomato Champions

The winners in the corn and tobacco contest for the championship of 1913, have been announced by Prof. Fred Mutchler of Lexington. The corn champion is W. Arthur Cook, age 14 of Owensboro; on one acre of ground he raised 131 bushels and one peck at 17 cents per bushel. Young Cook will receive \$2.00 a bushel from the State Department of Agriculture and also special prizes.

Betty C. Davis, 16 years of age, from Henderson is the tomato champion, having made a net profit of \$118.90 on one tenth of an acre of tomatoes. The total amount received for her crop was \$187.60.

Hats off to these young tillers of the soil!

Mr. L. P. Evans Enters Insurance Business

Mr. L. P. Evans has resigned his position with the State Bank & Trust Co., and will, after January 1, be associated with Mr. D. H. Breck in the insurance business. The bank's loss will be the Insurance Company's gain, for Mr. Evans is a capable, wide-awake business man, and with Mr. Breck's long experience in this field, we predict the two will "make things hum."

Burned to Death

Dorothy May Fields, three year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Fields, of Jessamine county, was burned to death last Monday. Her mother had gone to visit a sick neighbor and left her with two older children in the house, the oldest being about nine years of age. The girl lived about four hours before death ended her sufferings.

Train Wrecks Near Ford on L. & N.

There was a disastrous wreck on the L. & N. Railroad near Ford this week, between two freight trains. No one was injured, but traffic was delayed several hours until the track could be repaired and cleared.

A bronze tablet to Jefferson Davis has been placed in the wall of the Federal Building at Richmond, Va., with the consent of National Government, to mark the location of Davis's offices as president of the Confederate States of America.

CURRENCY BILL

Will Become a Law When President Wilson Signs Same.

NO PANIC PREDICTED.

The Currency Bill has passed both houses of Congress, but the Senate differed slightly from the house bill, and has been in conference. It has been practically agreed on by the conferees of both houses, and it is expected to become a law and to be signed by the President to day.

What's the Matter with Madison?

The Sun, in its Monday issue, reprinted an article from the Richmond Register, complimenting the County Judges of Jessamine, Clark and Fayette counties. The Register's article stated that Jessamine county is in the best financial condition of any county in the state.

Judge Evans informs The Sun that Jessamine county has no surplus, while Clark county has a surplus of \$100,000. Jessamine is also running on a 50 cent tax rate, while Clark county's rate is 40 cents.

All of which goes to show that Clark county always is right up at the top in the good things and generally a little bit ahead. And as for Judge Evans, there isn't a better County Judge in all Kentucky.—Winchester Sun.

A Big Deal

One of the largest real estate deals ever consummated in Central Kentucky was closed last week when Senator J. W. Bailey, of Texas, sold to Mr. U. G. Saunders, of Flemingsburg, his "Fairland" Stock Farm, located on the Versailles pike about four miles from Lexington.

The Bailey farm contains about 408 acres and is one of the most complete and up-to-date stock farms in Central Kentucky, as Senator Bailey has spent a fortune in improvements since he bought it. The land is some of the most valuable around Lexington, being located on the Versailles interurban line, and model roads have been built all through the property. The price was not made public, although it is said to be a large one.

Gets Good Sum

After many years of waiting the Madison Female Institute, of Richmond, whose building was used during the war for Federal prisoners, was reimbursed this week in the sum of \$6,500. The claim has been filed for a long time.—Democrat.

The Way Of It

Some women are born beautiful and others have beauty thrust upon them by the society reporter who writes up the wedding.

Paralyzed

Mrs. Mary Burgin is suffering from a stroke of paralysis. She was taken ill Sunday while returning from church.

Smallpox

The Black school house has been closed on account of smallpox.

Miss Mary Crutcher, State Registrar of the U. D. C. will be Sponsor for Kentucky at the Reunion of the Confederate veterans at Jacksonville, Fla. April 29, 1914.

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 Daily Louisville Times " " 4.00

Also The Madisonian

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With Daily Cincinnati Post . . . 3.50	With Sunday's Lexington Leader . . . 2.00
With Daily Louisville Herald . . . 3.25	With Daily Lexington Herald . . . 6.00

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will

eventually

be your

family paper.

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Poultry Success, monthly one year	.50
Farm and Fireside, semi-monthly one year	.50
Regular value	\$3.50

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 AND ANYTHING YOU WANT

THE MAN WHO KNEW SANTA CLAUS BEST



VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS

'Twas the night before Christmas when all through the house

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that Saint Nicholas soon would be there.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugarplums danced through their heads;

And Mama in her kerchief and I in my cap
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap;
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I fled like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash;
The moon on the breast of the new fallen snow
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below,
When what to my wondering eyes should appear
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver so lively and quick
I knew in a moment it must be Saint Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted and called them by name.

"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer! and Vixen!

On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch! To the top of the wall!
Now dash away! dash away! dash away, all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly
When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky,
So up to the housetop the couriers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys and Saint Nicholas too.
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof—
As I drew in my head and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in furs from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot.

A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack;
His eyes—how they twinkled! His dimples, how merry!

His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up in a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;
He had a broad face, and a little round belly
That shook when he laughed like a bowlful of jelly.
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim ere he drove out of sight,
"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night."



CHRISTMAS GAMES FOR THE CHILDREN

Many Forms of Merrymaking for the Little Folks' Holiday Party.

By ADELE MENDEL.

"At Christmas play and make good cheer, For Christmas comes but once a year."

At Christmas time the children are bubbling over with the spirit of the season and the grown folks' thoughts turn to the little ones' fun and amusement at no time more than at the happy Yule Tide.

With a little thought and preparation a children's Christmas party may be made such a joyous affair that its happy memories will linger with the young folks for many years.

Here are some entertaining games that will solve a problem for the perplexed mother who perhaps is wondering "What shall I have the children play at the party?" For when she sends her "Come to my Christmas party" invitations, she knows that a successful children's party means something more than just "ice cream and cake."

These games will appeal to all the children—the timid little girl, who is inclined to shrink in the corner, as well as the big boy, who usually occupies "the center of the stage."

Santa Claus' Reins.

This game is very exciting. Three pieces of white tape, each about an inch wide, and the length of the room, are held at one end by three children. Three others are given pairs of scissors and at a signal the players cut the tape in half lengthwise. The one who first reaches the opposite end of the tape is the winner of that heat. The different winners contest until the champion is declared. Boys and girls, you know, love racing competitions of all kinds and this race is one that probably they never played before.

Magic Music.

Although this is a game that perhaps the mothers and fathers played when they went to kindergarten, it still causes much laughter and is always successful.

One child leaves the room and the others decide upon something for him to do on his return. The musician regulates his playing, and the child must guide his actions according to the loudness or softness of the music. It is astonishing what different tasks are accomplished after a little practice, and the children's cries of "let me go out next" prove their enjoyment of "Magic Music."

Guessing Holly Berries.

For this game the child must put on his "thinking cap." Hold a large spray of holly in your hand, and allow the children to look at it for a few minutes. Then tell them to write their estimate of the number of holly berries on the branch. You might take a chrysanthemum also and ask them to guess how many petals in the flower. Great interest is shown when the petals are counted.

A Christmas Doll.

The idea of this game is to see who can make the prettiest doll out of a long smooth potato, two pieces of pretty colored tissue paper, some small sticks for legs and arms, and some pins. Or if you would rather pass clothes pins and let the children fashion dolls out of them, that will also answer the purpose.

Place all the dolls in a row when completed, and have the children vote for their favorite one. You will be surprised to see what ingenious results the clever little fingers produce.

A Noisy Game.

Yes, it is noisy, but the children have an idea that "the more noise, the more fun," and what mother cares if "the roof comes down" at a Christmas party?

After a child leaves the room, a proverb is chosen. One word of it is given to each child. If there are more children than words contained in the proverb, then two or more children are given the same word. When the child outside the room returns, a leader counts "One, two, three." At the "Three" all the children shout their given word. The child must guess the proverb.

Santa Claus' Grab Bag.

On the invitation state that each child is to bring something to the party that he or she no longer cares for. This article is to be in a neatly wrapped and tied parcel, so as to hide its identity. It is placed in a large bag, on the child's arrival. Each child then draws a present from the bag. Uproars of laughter follow the opening of the packages, which probably will consist of peculiar articles of all sizes and descriptions.

A Christmas Mix-Up. Provide the children with paper and pencil. Give them the following list of words pertaining to Christmas. You see the letters are all twisted. It is their interesting task to straighten them out.

Key and list:

1. Christmas—Atschsmrl.
2. Reindeer—Driercene.
3. Sleigh—Heghs.
4. Mistletoe—Etlosmtie.
5. Holly—Oyhl.
6. Plum Pudding—Uplmdpudgnl.
7. Santa Claus—Ascualatsna.
8. Candles—Lednesa.
9. Stockings—Kocetsign.
10. Jack Frost—Kcajrtfso.
11. Wreath—Thwae.
12. Snowball—Ownslabl.

What Santa Claus Doesn't Like.

This is a simple and successful game. All the children are seated except one who says "Santa Claus

doesn't like C's. What are you going to give him instead?" The first child replies with a word that does not contain a "C." For instance: "Meat" would be a correct answer, but "rice" would not do. If a correct answer is not given by the time the leader counts "ten," a forfeit must be paid. And we all know the fun of redeeming the forfeits.

A Peanut Race.

At one end of the room place two bowls of peanuts, and at the opposite end two empty bowls. Two children are each provided with a knife and at a signal they place as many peanuts as they can on the blade of the knife, and carry it to the empty bowl with one hand. Depositing the peanuts, they return for more. Each child is allowed three minutes. A score is kept and the one who has the largest number of peanuts credited to his name wins the prize.

Puzzle Pictures.

Pretty pictures taken from magazines, advertisements and discarded picture books are cut up into several pieces and placed into envelopes. A good idea is to write the same number on the back of the envelope and all pieces belonging to one puzzle, so that if a piece gets mixed with the others it can be readily returned to its own set.

Each child is handed a puzzle, and as soon as he succeeds in placing the pieces in their proper position he is given credit for it by the score keeper, and receives another puzzle to work with. The one who succeeds in putting together the most pictures in a stated time receives a well-earned prize.

Snowballs.

This is an amusing game. Snowballs made of cotton batting and covered with white tissue paper and a small basket are required. The players stand about eight feet from the basket. The one who tosses the most balls into the basket is the prize winner. Each child might be given three snowballs to start with.

A Christmas Spider Web.

Take as many balls of twine as there are children expected at the party. To one end of each ball attach a card bearing the child's name and to the other end an inexpensive gift. Twist the twine around the different objects in the room. Give each child the twine and card bearing his name. At a signal all begin to unwind the entangled web. Great is the fun and loud the exclamations when the young people arrive at the end of their string and find a gift awaiting them.

A Pop Corn Party.

If you don't mind the "muss," and of course you won't, have a pop corn party. Have the children sit in a circle on the floor and provide each with a bowl of popcorn, a needle and some coarse white thread. Tell them that the one who strings the longest popcorn chain before the time is up will win the prize. Each youngster takes home his own string of corn.

An Impromptu Entertainment.

When the children are tired of romping, let them sit on the floor in a circle and tell them you are going to have an entertainment, and that each child must do something to help make it a success. The youngsters will provide a variety of numbers for your impromptu program, from nursery rhymes to fancy dancing.

Artiste.

Bring in a good sized blackboard and have the children see who can draw the best Santa Claus. This will afford much pleasure for the little folks. (Copyright, 1912, by W. G. Chapman.)

JUST REVERSED.



"I s'pose your husband went to the Christmas dinner dressed to kill."
"No; he was killed to dress."

A Christmas Stocking.

It is not always the gift itself, but the way in which it is presented that commends itself particularly to the recipient. To the girl who thinks she is too old to hang up her stockings, send a pair of silk stockings, using one to fill, and roll up the other and stick it in the foot. The rest of the stocking should be filled with inexpensive trifles—a home-made jabot, tie or collar, a handkerchief, some candy, nuts, raisins, crab apples, a card or a calendar, perhaps some little kindly hints at her hobbies that will amuse her. Each of these articles should be wrapped separately in tissue paper and red ribbons, and the excitement of opening the mysterious small packages will often exceed the pleasure taken in one large gift that would have cost no more than the numerous small ones.

Just a Warning.

If you are going to spend the Christmas holidays with the family of your small niece and nephew, don't forget to make the youngsters a present of a drum and trumpet.

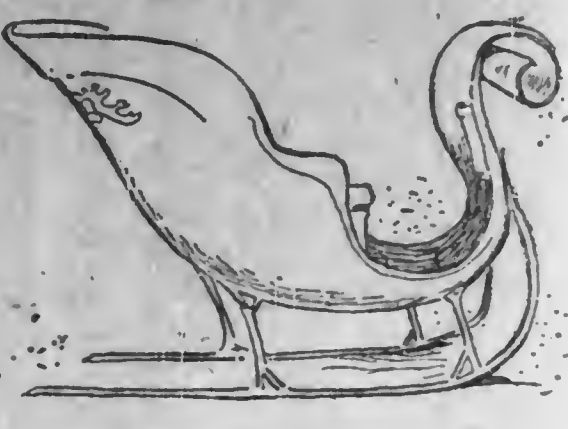
A SANTA CLAUS RHYME

By IDA KENNISTON.
Pictures by Fanny Y. Cory.

This is the Pack That Santa Claus brought at Christmas.



This is the Sleigh That carried the Pack That Santa Claus brought at Christmas.



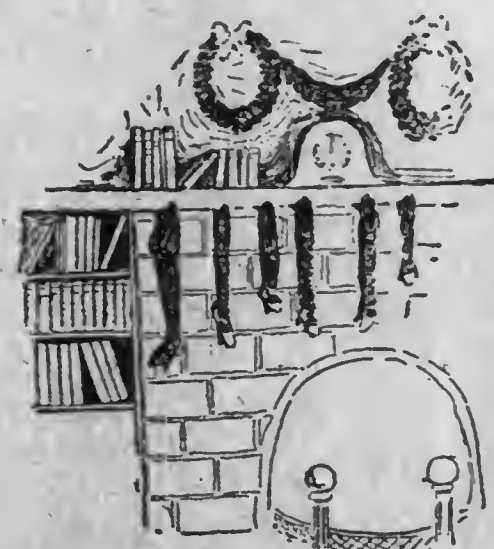
These are the Reindeer That drew the Sleigh That carried the Pack That Santa Claus brought at Christmas.



This is the house Where the Reindeer stopped That drew the Sleigh That carried the Pack That Santa Claus brought at Christmas.

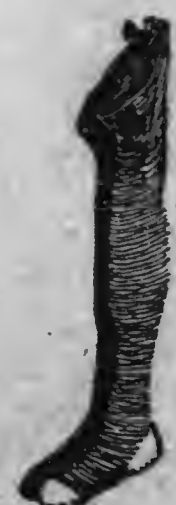


This is the Chimney big and wide That Santa Claus climbed down inside At the House where the Reindeer stopped That drew the Sleigh That carried the Pack That Santa Claus brought at Christmas.



This is the Hearth, where, all in a row, The stockings hung waiting for Santa, you know; They hung by the Chimney big and wide That Santa Claus climbed down inside At the House where the Reindeer stopped That drew the Sleigh That carried the Pack That Santa Claus brought at Christmas.

This is the Stocking long and fine That the little girl hung at the end of the line There by the Hearth, where, all in a row, The stockings hung waiting for Santa, you know; They hung by the Chimney big and wide That Santa Claus climbed down inside At the House where the Reindeer stopped That drew the Sleigh That carried the Pack That Santa Claus brought at Christmas.—From St. Nicholas.



PRESENTS BOUGHT FOR SHOW

Exploiting One's Own Vanity in Bestowal of Gifts Is Poor Policy.

The most miserable Christmas present, the kind that no human being is rich enough to afford, is that which is bought to make a show, to exploit one's own vanity.

When you are tempted to buy a "show off" present, remember that the recipient has some rights. One who understands will be made unhappy by that kind of gift. You know yourself that when you receive a present that represents a great sacrifice on the part of the giver it makes you feel miserable, even when the right spirit is behind it.

The cost in money is about the poorest of measures for any kind of a gift. The thoughtfulness in it, the recognition of a desire for things unasked for, the affection that goes with it, counts for much more. Every Christmas each of us receives a message that means more, than the most expensive gift. Yet we forget that sometimes in the perplexing selection of presents for others—Woman's Home Companion.

DIARY FOR CHRISTMAS GIFT

Peculiar but Pleasing Remembrance Showing Absent Friend Was in Mind of Donor.

On Thanksgiving day a man sat down and began to write a distant friend. But he wrote only a few lines, and laid it aside. The next day he took up the pen, put down the new date, diary-fashion, and wrote some item of news of interest to them both.

So each day from Thanksgiving till Christmas he added something to the letter, as he would in a diary, ending and mailing it just in time to reach his friend on Christmas morning. At the top he had written this message:

"This is all the gift you get from me this year; but it carries more thought of you and more love, I imagine, than do some more costly ones I am sending. But just put it in your pocket for a dull January day. It will keep."

And this was a letter from a man to a man! Damon and Pythias, David and Jonathan still live in our prosaic American business world.—Mother's Magazine.

In Society

Telephone all social news to 638.
—Anna D. Lilly, Social Editor

MISS BENNETT'S BRIDGE

Miss Helen Bennett entertained the Married Ladies Bridge on Tuesday afternoon; the hours passed most pleasantly and the prizes were awarded Misses Lucia Burnam and Mollie Fife.

CHRISTMAS GERMAN

The Christmas German will be danced on Friday evening December twenty-sixth at Masonic Temple and will be led by Mr. Edwin Stockton and Miss Mary B. Smith. The affair promises to be unusually pretty and will be much enjoyed as a large number of our young people are at home for the holidays.

PARRISH-COSBY

A wedding which came as a surprise to their many friends was that of Miss Annie Cosby and Mr. John Parrish of this city, which occurred in Lexington on Wednesday. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Cosby and the groom is the son of Mr. Pete Parrish, both of this place. The young people have many friends who join in every good wish for a happy journey through life.

WOMANS CLUB

The Womens Club met on Monday afternoon and enjoyed several very delightful talks; one by Mrs. D. B. Shackelford whose subject was "Mary Baker Eddy" and the work of George Elliot by Mrs. G. W. Pickels. Mrs. Gould a guest of the afternoon told some very interesting things about the school at Hindman and settlement work. It is to be regretted that more could not have heard these discussions.

BIRTHDAY DINNER

On Sunday the 21st Mr. W. L. Crutcher was host of an old fashioned Kentucky dinner given to a number of friends and

relatives; the occasion was the celebration of his birthday and that of his friend Mr. S. S. Combs, whose birthday comes only one day earlier. The table groaned beneath its weight of good things and seated around the board many old memories were revived, recalling the days of "auld lang syne."

WILLOUGHBY-WARD

Mr. Prewitt Willoughby, of Richmond, was married to Miss Ward of Paintsville on Wednesday last.

Miss Ward attended the Normal School here for several years and made many friends.

Mr. Willoughby is associated with his father in the coal business and is a young man of industrious habits and justly popular. We extend congratulations to the young couple.

WILSON-WAGERS

Miss Nettie Wagers, the eldest daughter of Mr. Jonah Wagers of this city was united in marriage on Saturday afternoon to Mr. J. W. Wilson of Lancaster. Dr. E. B. Barnes performed the ceremony.

The bride is one of our loveliest girls, attractive and of an unusually sweet disposition. After a short trip Mr. and Mrs. Wilson will return to Kirksville to make their home.

With other friends the Madisonian wishes them Godspeed.

MARRIED IN LEXINGTON

Miss Laura Mayme Thomas of Red House was married to Mr. Robert Logan Riddle of Nicholasville on Tuesday, at the home of Dean Calhoun in Lexington.

The bride is the attractive daughter of Mr. John Thomas of Red House and also a niece of Mr. Edward Carson of this place. Mr. Riddle is the son of J. L. Riddle of Nicholasville and is a young man who stands high in that community. He is a graduate of Transylvania University and now has charge of a church in Shelby county where the young people will make their home.

CHRISTMAS BANQUET

One of the very jolliest gatherings of the winter, was the Xmas banquet given on Thursday evening by Mr. Turley's class at the Christian Church.

In the dining room, five tables were spread; beautiful with snowy linen, centerpieces of lace and low arrangement of white flowers and green plants. Covers were laid for forty and the following menu served: oyster soup, celery, pickles, old ham, light rolls, potato chips, fruit salad, coffee; bisque cream, assorted cakes.

Mr. Turley made a very gallant after-dinner speech thanking the ladies who so ably assisted in serving the banquet after which Mr. Elmer Deatherage entertained with an Alhambra party; the ladies were also invited to attend but as they were unable to do so, he, with characteristic generosity, gave them a theater party the next evening at the Opera House as a fitting close to the festive occasion.

Personal

Phone 638 or 791 for all personal items

Mrs. Mary Dickerson is the guest of her daughter in Garrard.

Miss Annie Mae Walker is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Cotton, in Danville.

Mrs. Mary B. Dean, of Richmond Normal School, is visiting relatives in Nicholasville.

Mr. and Mrs. Clay Brown, of Stanford, arrived last week to make their home in this city.

Mr. Robert Penn, of this city, was the guest of his father last week in Paris.

Judge Shackelford and aunt Mrs. Lizzie Shackelford, were the recent guests of Paris friends.

Mrs. Dan Chenault, Miss Josephine and Miss Austin Lilly spent Monday in Lexington, shopping.

Mr. Wm. Collins is here to spend Xmas with his parents.

Mr. Curt Bennett is at home for the holidays.

Mrs. Mollie Dudley remains critically ill at the Gibson Infirmary.

Miss Elizabeth Blanton returned from Danville, Saturday where she has been attending school.

Miss Anne Bennett Cohen is at home from Randolph Macon.

Miss Annie Mae Walker has returned from a visit to friends in Danville.

Miss Sarah Marshall has returned to her home after spending the winter with Mrs. Jake Collins.

Mr. Fred Gumbert, of Huntington, West Va., is visiting his parents Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Gumbert.

Mr. Geo. Gumbert, of State University Lexington, is spending the holidays with his parents Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Gumbert.

Mr. Perry Davidson of the Normal, left Richmond Friday to be in St. Joseph Hospital Lexington during the holidays where he will undergo an operation for appendicitis.

Miss Ada Young, of Baldwin, who has been teaching, closed her school Dec. 19 with a large attendance. The school closed with a Xmas tree.

Miss Mary Joseph McKee is expected home this week from Nazareth Academy. Mr. John Walker McKinney is at home from Millersburg for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Bogard have moved into the Royce cottage on Fourth St.

Mr. William Marsteller who has been teaching French at Ann Arbor reached home Saturday to spend Xmas.

Miss Anna Gordon who is attending school at the Normal, has gone to Nicholasville to spend the holidays.

Rev. Ashford Reeves, of Georgia, is at home for the holidays and was a guest at the Turley Christmas Banquet.

Miss Jennie Dickerson, of this city, has been visiting Miss Minnie Brown at Lancaster.

Mrs. Mary C. Roark and daughter Kathleen are in Washington visiting Mr. and Mrs. Creagan Roark.

Mrs. Riley Spears is visiting her daughter Mrs. Turley.

Mr. David Phelps is here on a visit to his parents.

Miss Lillian Rogers, of Ford, is visiting relatives here this week.

Miss Ada Parke, who has been the guest of Mrs. H. C. Carr in Lexington, has returned home.

Attorney A. R. Burnam, Jr., of Richmond, referee in Bankruptcy for this district, was in the city Monday on business. —"Winchester Democrat."

Mrs. Davis, of Campbellsville, Ky., is the guest of her sister Mrs. S. D. Parrish.

Mrs. Clara Traylor has returned from a visit to relatives in Lincoln county.

Mrs. James Deatherage and Mrs. Geo. Bogard spent Wednesday in Lexington, shopping.

Mrs. L. B. Herrington was a visitor in Lexington last week.

Miss Margaret Parrish was in Irvine last week, reporting for the Estill Circuit Court.

Mr. Grant E. Lilly attended Circuit Court in Estill county for several days the past week.

Miss Bessie Shugars is at home after a pleasant visit to friends and relatives in Stanford.

Mrs. J. G. Bosley has returned from a short visit to Lebanon, Ky.

Miss Mary Katherine White has been the guest of Miss Judith Tudor in Irvine.

Miss Sarah Quisenberry was the guest of friends in Lexington last week.

Capt. D. N. Sharp has been with relatives in Shelbyville.

Judge Benton, of Winchester, has been in the city on business.

Hon. Jere A. Sullivan is much improved and will spend the holidays in Richmond.

Dr. S. G. Zinke was in Cincinnati several days the past week.

Mrs. Harry Blanton and children have returned from a visit to relatives in Lexington.

Mr. William Evans has gone to the Canal zone where he will engage in business with his brother Mr. Joe Evans.

Miss Lucy Lee Walton, of Orlando, Fla., has been a visitor in Richmond, and attended the Jett-Rayburn wedding.

Miss Helen Bennett has returned to this city after spending some weeks in Frankfort.

Mr. W. S. Glass is in Winchester on business.

Judge W. R. Shackelford has returned from a business trip to Paris and Lexington.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall will move the first of the year to the Douglas-Simmons flat.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Chenault and Miss Josephine leave this week for Mt. Sterling to spend Xmas with Mr. and Mrs. George Snyder.

Mrs. J. W. Zaring, Mrs. Ino. Allen and daughter and Mr. Louis Schiegel motored to Lexington Tuesday.

Miss Anna Moore of Madison Institute will spend the holidays at her home in Missouri.

Miss Mary Louise Reynolds leaves this week for Cynthia to spend Xmas.

Miss Margaret Arnold has gone to Lancaster to spend the holidays with her parents.

Mrs. R. M. Robinson has returned to her home in Danville after a visit to relatives in Richmond.

Dr. and Mrs. G. G. Perry, of Stanford, motored to Richmond the past week to see Mr. G. C. Igo who has been quite ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Jephth Jett have returned to Richmond.

Mrs. Mary Sullivan and Miss Kathleen will spend the holidays in Richmond.

Miss Bessie Tribble who has been in Lexington at an infirmary is much improved and hopes to spend Xmas at home.

Judge N. B. Turpin has been quite sick at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Maupin on Broadway.

Mrs. Elmer Deatherage spent several days last week in Cincinnati.

Mr. Geo. Goodloe has returned from a short trip to Columbus, Ohio.

Judge and Mrs. Benton visited relatives in the city the past week.

Mr. Rufus Oldham, of Bloomington, Ill. is with relatives in the county.

Mrs. Nannie Embry leaves this week for Dallas, Texas to spend the winter with her daughter, Mrs. J. D. Dunlop.

Rev. B. C. Horton has returned from a short trip to Mt. Sterling.

Miss Hanger, of Staunton Virginia, is with Mrs. H. B. Hanger for several weeks.

Mr. Green Igo continues very ill at his home on Lexington pike.

Mr. Gaines Jasper will reach home this week to spend the holidays.

Messrs. Chas. Vaught, Thompson and Logan Burnam and Mr. Edwin Powell will spend Xmas at home.

Mr. Joe Haselden was a visitor here several days ago.

Rev. Hawkins of Elkhorn Ky. has been the guest of Prof. and Mrs. Grinstead.

Miss Evelyn Clark, of Midway spent the week end with Miss Jeannette Pates.

Miss Kitty Bogard, of Hopkinsville, arrived Saturday to be the guest of Mr. Geo. Bogard and family, on fourth street.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Willis came over from Crab Orchard Sunday to see Mrs. Sarah DeJarnett and to attend Mr. W. L. Crutcher's birthday dining.

CLOTHING! CLOTHING! CLOTHING!

Probably

The greatest Clothing offering for the people of Richmond, Madison county, and adjoining counties, will commence at the great

Busy Bee Cash Store

Saturday, November 8

and continue for 30 days, or until our entire clothing stock has been closed out.

Our stock of clothing was never more complete than now. Everything in the clothing department is strictly up-to-date. All the new weaves, styles and colorings in favor this season comprise this big stock of clothing—Men's, Young Men's, Boys' and Children's Clothing in endless variety.

We have decided to close out our clothing stock, lock stock and barrel. We need the room for our ladies' ready-to-wear department, which is growing to such an extent that we are compelled to make more room for it. So the clothing end of our business must go.

Everybody in this city and county who has purchased clothing from us can testify to the high grade of clothing we sell. They can also tell you that our prices are always cheaper than the same quality can be had elsewhere. We have decided to give these same low prices for 30 days, and in addition we propose to give one-fourth the price off on every purchase made in the clothing department during this time.

If you need an up-to-date fall and winter suit for yourself or any of your family; if you need a first-class Overcoat for yourself or your boy, come and look at this great stock of up-to-date clothing and figure what you will save by getting

1/4 OFF

each clothing purchase.

Don't overlook this offer. Don't pay more for clothing not as good. Money saved is money made. This is a chance you don't often get, coming right at the time you need the stuff, and right at the time when they are all fresh and new.

Remember this great clothing offering begins Saturday, November 8th, and closes in 30 days. Don't forget! Come!

RESPECTFULLY,

W. D. OLDHAM & CO.

For The Wife

The wife desires to give her husband the best of everything. An Electric Coffee Pot makes the best possible coffee.



Kentucky Utilities Co., Inc.

To The Tobacco Growers:

Sales Season of 1913-14 is Now On

Our daily average to date is better than 14 Cents

Having installed every known device to facilitate the handling of the tobacco from the time it comes off the wagon until it goes on the cars, we are better prepared than ever to handle your crop.

Several of the largest buyers on this market will handle and prize their purchases at our plant. The fact is, it is much cheaper for these men to handle their tobacco at the Madison Tobacco Warehouse because of the connection with the railroad, and our viaduct connecting the sales house with the pricing department does away with any wagon haul. We guarantee to every grower the very best price. Thanking you for your past patronage and soliciting same in the future, we are,

Respectfully,

Madison Tobacco Warehouse Co.

Incorporated

The Selfishness of Mrs. Waterby

by George Ade

ILLUSTRATED by M. G. KETTNER
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WATERBY remarked to his wife: "I'm still tempted by that set of Poe. I saw it in the window today, marked down to fifteen dollars."

"Yes?" said Mrs. Waterby, with a sudden gasp of emotion, it seemed to him.

"Yes—I believe I'll have to get it."

"I wouldn't if I were you, Alfred," she said. "You have so many books now."

"I know I have, my dear, but I haven't any set of Poe; and that's what I've been wanting for a long time. This edition I was telling you about is beautifully gotten up."

"Oh, I wouldn't buy it, Alfred," she repeated, and there was a note of pleading earnestness in her voice. "It's so much money to spend for a few books."

"Well, I know, but—" and then he paused for the lack of words to express his mortified surprise.

Mr. Waterby had tried to be an indulgent husband. He took a selfish pleasure in giving, and found it more blessed than receiving.

Every salary day he turned over to Mrs. Waterby a fixed sum for household expenses. He added to this an allowance for her spending money. He set aside a small amount for his personal expenses and deposited the remainder in the bank. He flattered himself that he approximated the model husband.

Mr. Waterby had no costly habits and no prevailing appetite for anything expensive. Like every other man, he had one or two hobbies, and one of his particular hobbies was Edgar Allan Poe. He believed that Poe, of all American writers, was the one unmistakable "genius."

The word "genius" has been bandied around the country until it has come to be applied to a long-haired man out of work or a stout lady who writes poetry. In the case of Poe, Mr. Waterby maintained that "genius" meant one who was not governed by the common mental processes, but "who spoke from inspiration, his mind involuntarily taking superhuman flight into the realm of pure imagination"—or something of that sort. At any rate, Mr. Waterby liked Poe, and he wanted a set of Poe. He allowed himself not more than one luxury a year and he determined that this year the luxury should be a set of Poe.

Therefore, imagine the hurt to his feelings when his wife objected to his expending fifteen dollars for that which he coveted above anything else in the world.

As he went to his work that day he reflected on Mrs. Waterby's conduct. Did she not have her allowance of spending money? Did he ever find fault with her extravagance? Was he an unreasonable husband in asking that he be allowed to spend this small sum for that which would give him many hours of pleasure and which would belong to Mrs. Waterby as much as to him?

He told himself that many a husband would have bought the books without consulting his wife. But he (Waterby) had deferred to his wife in all matters touching family finances, and he said to himself, with a tincture of bitterness in his thoughts, that probably he had put himself into the attitude of a mere dependent.

For had she not forbidden him to buy a few books for himself? Well, no, she had not forbidden him, but it amounted to the same thing. She had declared that she was firmly opposed to the purchase of Poe. Mr. Waterby wondered if it were possible that he was just beginning to know his wife. Was she a selfish woman at heart? Was she complacent and good-natured only while she was having her own way? Wouldn't she prove to be an entirely different sort of woman if he should do as many husbands do—spend his income on clubs and cigars and private amusements, and give her the pickings of small change?

Nothing in Mr. Waterby's experience as a married man had so wrenched his sensibilities and disturbed his faith as Mrs. Waterby's objection to the purchase of a set of Poe. There was but one way to account for it. She wanted all the money for herself or else she wanted him to put it into the bank so that she could come into it after he—but this was too monstrous.

However, Mrs. Waterby's conduct helped to give strength to Mr. Waterby's meanest suspicions.

Two or three days after the first conversation she asked: "You didn't buy that set of Poe, did you Alfred?"

"No, I didn't buy it," he answered, as coldly and with as much hauteur as possible.

He hoped to hear her say: "Well, why don't you go and get it? I'm sure that you want it, and I'd like to see you buy something for yourself once in a while."

But she merely said: "That's right; don't buy it," and he was utterly unhappy, for he realized that he had married a woman who did not love him and who simply desired to use him as a pack-horse for all household burdens.

As soon as Mr. Waterby had learned the horrible truth about his wife he began to recall little episodes dating back years, and now he pieced them together to convince himself that he was a deeply wronged person.

Small at the time and almost unnoticed, they were now accumulating to prove that Mrs. Waterby had no real anxiety for her husband's happiness. Also, Mr. Waterby began to observe her closely, and he believed that he found new evidences of her unworthiness. For one thing, while he was in gloom over his discovery and harassed by doubts of what the future might reveal to him, she was content and even-tempered.

The holiday season approached and Mr. Waterby made a resolution. He decided that if she would not permit him to spend a little money on himself he would not buy the customary Christmas present for her.

"Selfishness is a game at which two can play," he said.

Furthermore, he determined that if she asked him for any extra money for Christmas he would say: "I'm sorry, my dear, but I can't spare any. I am so hard up that I can't even afford to buy a few books that I've been wanting a long time. Don't you remember that you told me that I couldn't afford to buy that set of Poe?"

Could anything be more biting as to sarcasm or more crushing as to logic? He rehearsed this speech

and had it all ready for her, as he pictured to himself her humiliation and surprise at discovering that he had some spirit after all and a considerable say-so whenever money was involved.

Unfortunately for his plan, she did not ask for any extra spending money and so he had to rely on the other mode of punishment. He would withhold the expected Christmas present. In order that she might fully understand his purpose, he would give presents to both of the children.

It was a harsh measure, he admitted, but perhaps it would teach her to have some consideration for the wishes of others.

It must be said that Mr. Waterby was not wholly proud of his revenge when he arose on Christmas morning. He felt that he had accomplished his purpose and he told himself that his motives had been good and pure, but still he was not satisfied with himself.

He went to the dining room and there on the table in front of his plate was a long paper box containing ten books each marked "Poe." It was the edition he had coveted.

"What's this?" he asked, winking slowly, for his mind could not grasp in one moment the fact of his awful shame.

"I should think you ought to know, Alfred," said Mrs. Waterby, flushed and giggling like a school girl.

"Oh, it was you—"

"My goodness, you've had me so frightened. That first day when you spoke of buying them and I told you not to, I was just sure that you suspected something. I bought them a week before that."

"Yes—yes," said Mr. Waterby, feeling the salt water in his eyes. At that moment he had the soul of a wretch being whipped at the stake.

"I was determined not to ask you for any money to pay for your own presents," Mrs. Waterby continued. "Do you know I had to save for you and the children out of my regular allowance. Why, last week I nearly starved you and you never noticed it at all—I was afraid you would."

"No, I—didn't notice it," said Mr. Waterby brokenly, for he was confused and giddy. This self-sacrificing angel—and he had bought no Christmas present for her!

It was a fearful situation, and he lied his way out of it.

"How did you like your present?" he asked.

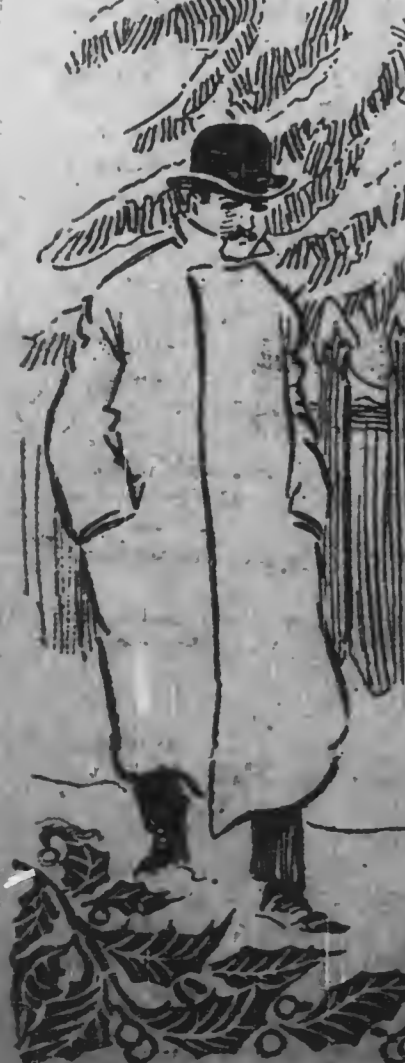
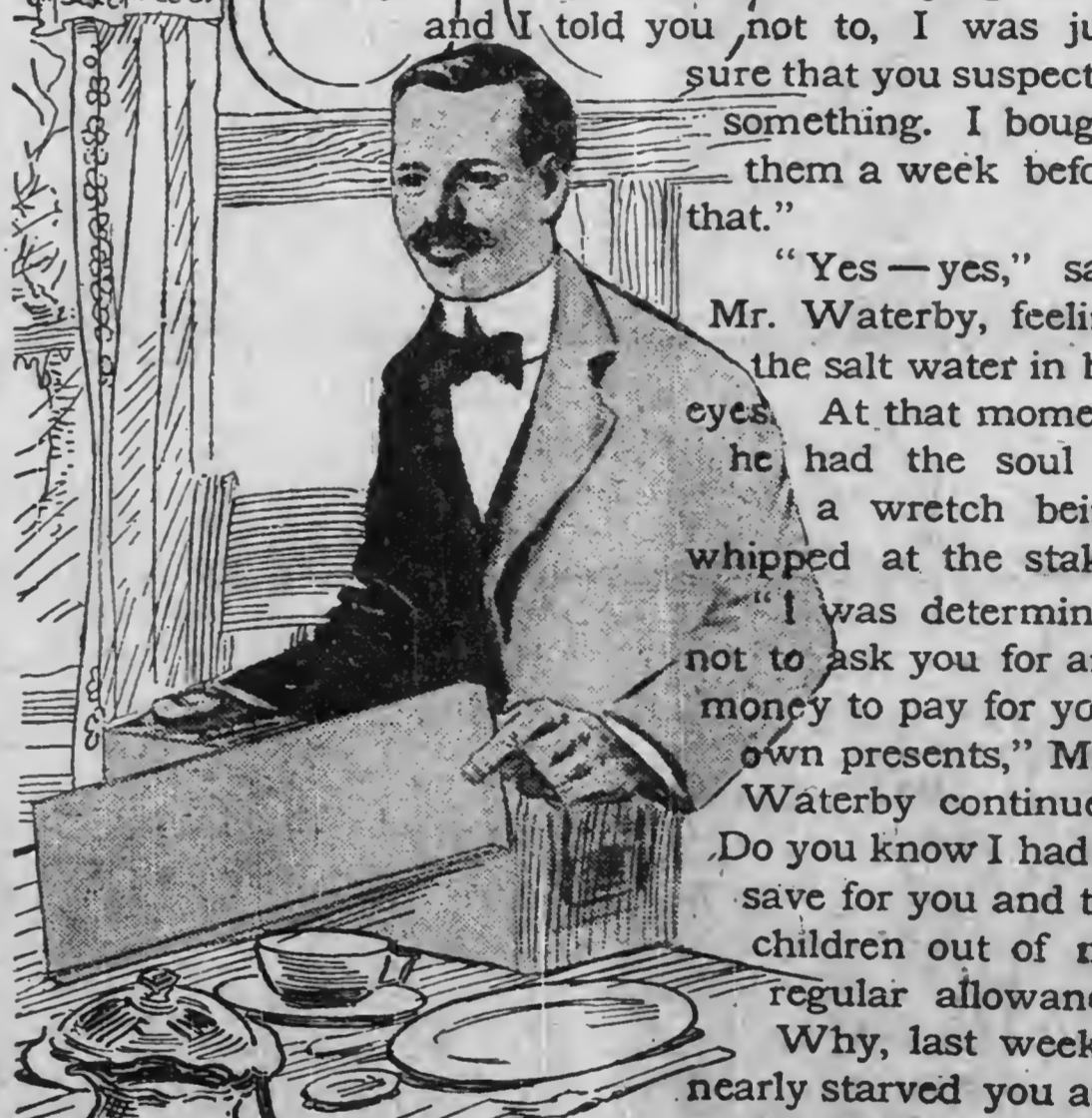
"Why, I haven't seen it yet," she responded, looking across at him in surprise.

"You haven't? I told them to send it up yesterday."

The children were shouting and laughing over their gifts in the next room and he felt it his duty to lie for their sake.

"Well, don't tell me what it is," interrupted Mrs. Waterby. "Wait until it comes."

"I'll go after it." He did go after it although he had to drag a jeweler away from his home on Christmas Day and have him open his great safe. The ring which he selected was beyond his means, it is true, but when a man has to buy back his self-respect the price is never too high.



The Shadow of Santy

By William Gerard Chapman

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HEW! it bites like a No. 2 Newhouse trap, grumbled Pa Schoonmaker, closing the settin' room door against the icy blast and rubbing his tingling cheeks. He stamped his feet before the stove in which the hickory was burning with such a roar of comfortable warmth as almost to drown the shrill whistling of the December wind outside the farm house.

"Hello, what's the matter with Herbie?" The youngest of his three boys, a tiny misshapen child who had suffered a boyhood of pain and deformity since his nurse had dropped him in his baby days, was huddled in the corner beside the woodbox crying silently, except when an uncontrollable sob shook his thin little frame.

"Been teasing you have they? I'll tease them—with a stove-length, I will. Can't have anything like this the night before Christmas, not by a jugful." He advanced to the unhappy child and comforted him in rough but kindly fashion, picking him up as though he were a wisp of hay and pressing him to his ample shoulder. "What you boys been doing to Herbie, hey?"

There was no severity in the question, for the sturdy brothers, Petey and Normie, always were patient and kindly in their attitude toward the less fortunate child, and only unintentionally and in boyish carelessness occasionally hurt the sensitive little fellow.

"What is it, Herbie? Tell dad." The sobbing broke forth unrestrainedly under the hearty kindness of the sweet natured farmer, and then slowly subsided. Pa Schoonmaker waited patiently until the child was calm and then repeated his question.

"Normie said there wasn't no Santy Claus; said it was all a humbug, an'



HE EXPLAINED THE JOKE TO HIS BROTHER.

that you an' ma fixed the tree an' all. 'Taint so!" he shrilled defiantly. "I heard him once a-fixin' the tree last Christmas mornin' when I woked up early. They is a Santy Claus, ain't they, pa?"

"There shorely is, youngster," affirmed his father, directing a reproving glance at his two older sons. "You bet there is a Santy Claus; you'll see tomorrow when you get all the things he's going to bring you. Now you let your ma put you to bed, so's you can get up early, and don't worry no more about it."

But Herbie was not fully satisfied. Grown folks would say most anything to comfort little boys, and his faith had been too rudely shaken to be so quickly restored. Fretfully and with a deeper droop to his sensitive little mouth he suffered his mother to take him to his small bed chamber opening off the settin' room.

"We didn't go to do it, pa," Petey began when the door was closed on Herbie, forestalling his father's further questioning. "Herbie heard Normie and me talking about Santy Claus being only a yarn for little tads; we didn't know he was about. He bust out crying and—well, we didn't know what to say. Honest, pa, we wouldn't 'a' told him for anything," Petey looked nearly as woebegone as the disillusioned child.

"You'd oughter be more careful what you say when Herbie's 'righ," admonished Pa Schoonmaker. "It's spile his Christmas if he thought there wasn't any such thing as Santy Claus. Now we gotter prove it to him some way that there is, and you boys better figure it out. And it's nigh time you

went to bed too; ma and me'll have to be a-fixin' the tree pretty soon." The fragrant young spruce, newly cut and sledded down from the snow mantled ridge, was brought in from the woodshed. Petey and Normie, deep in thought, assisted in setting it up. Unless they could devise some means of restoring their little brother's belief in the patron saint of Christmas their own pleasure in the day would be spoiled too.

Normie nudged Petey. "Look at the funny shadder the tree makes on the wall. Looks for all the world like—" "I got it!" Petey interrupted in a tense whisper, quivering in a grand idea that had come to him with Normie's remark.

With beaming face he explained his scheme to his brother while their father was engaged in propping up the tree. Quickly they were busy with a cardboard box, scissors and pencil, and under their nimble fingers was evolved in a few moments a grotesque figure that in their enthusiastic eyes bore an excellent likeness to Kris Kringle.

Softly the door to the bedroom was opened. Herbie was fast asleep. The figure was experimentally placed at different points before the coal oil lamp until its shadow rested upon the



PA AND MA SCHOONMAKER TIP TOED TO THE DOOR.

wall of the inner room just where the eyes of the sleeper, on opening, would fall upon it. Then the door was closed again.

Pa Schoonmaker grinned when the significance of these operations dawned on him. "Reckon maybe the old feller will leave something for you two, after all. You stood a mighty good chance of having your stockings overlooked, running him down that away to one of his friends. Now go to bed, both of you. I'll open the door and rattle things some when ma and me fixes the tree; Herbie 'll be sure to wake up and see the shadder. Hope it satisfies the pore little feller."

The boys went happily to bed. Pa and Ma Schoonmaker dressed the tree and laid at its base the assortment of presents for the children. The bedroom door had been opened toward the last and the two were silent as they completed their work, rattling the paper parcels and listening expectantly.

A slight movement in the bed ensued, followed by a rustling of the coverlet and the sound of a small body suddenly sitting up. Then a long-drawn, happy sigh came to their straining ears as the occupant of the little room nestled again into the pillows. His breathing once more became regular and Pa and Ma Schoonmaker tip-toed to the door and looked within. The child stirred uneasily.

"He's awake," breathed Sam, laying a cautioning hand on his wife's arm. "No, he ain't," she reassured him.

"Listen." The childish lips were muttering sleepily. "They is a Santy Claus—I seen him—I seen his shadder." And with another sigh of contentment all doubting fled before the coming of deeper sleep.

Pa and Ma Schoonmaker drew back softly and closed the door, a happy light in their eyes.

"Won't he have it on the boys tomorrow, though!" chuckled Sam as they mounted the stairs.

Reign of Good Cheer. Bring me a garland of holly, Rosemary, Ivy and bay; Gravity's nothing but folly, 'Till after the Christmas day.

DISGUSTED WITH SANTA.



"What's the matter with him?" "He only got a new slate and his old last year's sled painted over. Now he says he don't care if there ain't no Santa Claus!"

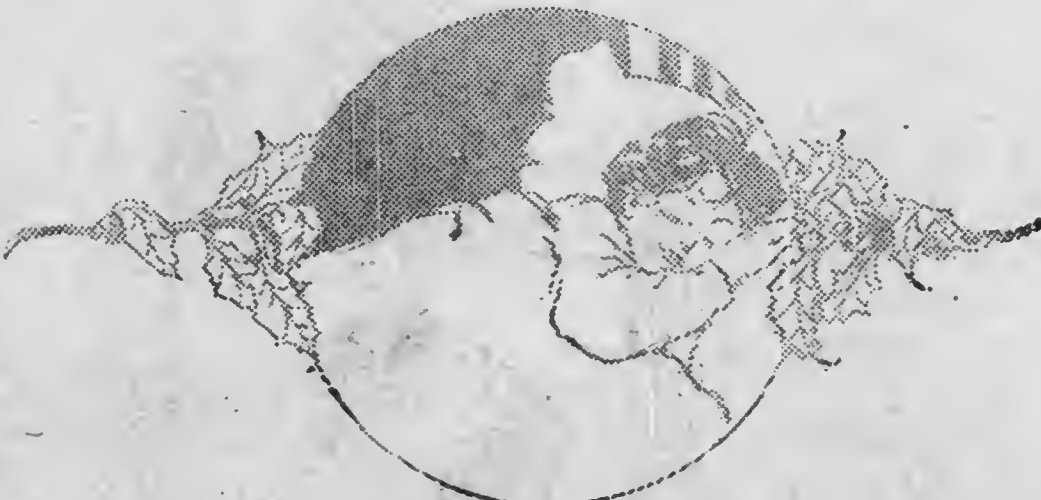
The GRANDPA LOOK BY DOUGLAS MALLOCH

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You never saw, I don't believe, The really, truly Santa Claus Who comes around on Christmas Eve Behind his reindeers' prancing paws, Who stops at ev'rybody's house (At least where there are girls and boys) And leaves, as slyly as a mouse, His books and dolls and games and toys.



I know how Santa looks because He has a kind of Grandpa style. The smile you see on Santa Claus Is just like any Grandpa's smile. Our Grandpas have the same white hair; He has the wrinkles Grandpas do— They're so alike I do declare It's hard to tell between the two!



And yet we all know how he looks, The little children's patron saint— We've seen his face in picture-books, So red and jolly, queer and quaint. It's wreathed around with hair as white As Winter's piles of drifted snow, And all his features are alight With happy smile and cheery glow.



They both are always full of fun And have a twinkle in their eyes, They both are kind to ev'ryone (Especially of children's size). That's why that I've made up my mind That Grandpas all are friends of his, That Santa is so good and kind Because he's like a Grandpa is!



Yes, that's the way that Santa seems, The Santa that the children praise, The Santa that they see in dreams While waiting for the Christmas days. Why, I can shut my eyes and see Him just as plain as if he came! I know just how he looks to me, And that to you he looks the same.

YULE-TIDE DECORATIONS

By ROSALIE MENDEL



A Christmas Dinner Table.

MERRY CHRISTMAS! The very word expresses the spirit of the day. Christmas is the embodiment of joy and mirthfulness, a glorious day of gaiety and merriment for old and young. Let us all be children at Christmas time, and enter into the preparations and plans for the day with youthful fervor.

Everyone is occupied with the preparations for the gala occasion. The custom of decorating the homes with Christmas greens is increasing each year. Surely it is a happy thought in the midst of winter at the Yule tide season to bring the greens from the woods. The many traditions connected with holly and mistletoe make them all the more appropriate for use as decorations. The brilliant glowing scarlet of the holly berries and the green of the evergreen have always been associated with Christmas.

With a very small investment one can easily arrange many unique effects in decorations for the home and table that will accord with the spirit of the season.

Unless the Christmas tree is going to be a surprise, and you intend to trim it behind closed doors in the greatest of secrecy, let the children assist in fashioning many of the ornaments and trinkets, and they will have double the pleasure out of it. The little ones will certainly delight in stringing the popcorn with which to festoon the tree. If the popcorn is strung on wire it can be arranged most effectively. If you wish, you can dye some of the corn red and string it alternately, one red and one white kernel. The nimble little fingers can string chains of cranberries or cut stars out of gilt paper. Paper link chains can be made out of any color to harmonize with the color scheme of the tree. Paste narrow strips of paper to form rings and slip one link through another and paste securely.

It is very simple to gild nuts, and they are quite an addition to a tree when suspended with gilt cord. Snow balls are made by packing white tissue paper tight in the shape of an orange, then pasting white cotton on the ball. The cotton is dusted with diamond dust and gives a glittering effect. Icicles are made of white fringe tissue paper that has been dipped into a solution of alum. The green of the tree can also be given a frosted effect if it is touched with a solution of alum. The Christmas goodies can be put in bags of tartan. Don't forget that the large presents and heavy decorations of the tree should be at the bottom.

A pretty tree for the table is the pepper plant, which can be purchased at any florist's. The little plant can be trimmed as a Christmas tree for the central decoration of the table. Around the bottom of the tree is heaped a mound of cotton dusted with mica. At each place is a little red flower pot containing a small souvenir which is hidden by a spray of mistletoe. The souvenir can be something suggestive of the personality of the guest. Over the table is suspended by red ribbons a bunch of snow balls of white cotton sprinkled with mica. The candle shades are of ornamental sprays of holly, and a little piece of holly is pasted on the place card.

The table illustrated has the star shaped poinsettia for its main feature. If it is not possible to procure the natural poinsettia, beautiful ones can be obtained made out of crepe paper. The basket for the center piece is heaped with poinsettias and ferns. Favors are hidden among the flowers, and ribbons are attached to them extending to each plate. A large Christmas bell adds to the festive appearance of the room. This bell is made on a wire frame 18 inches tall, covered with crushed tissue paper.

The little baskets for the salted almonds are made of 12 poinsettia leaves pasted neatly around a small paper cup.

For place cards use a white card to which is attached a small bell about two inches high. Tie on the top with a small bow of red baby ribbon.

Instead of silver napkin rings use rings made of pasteboard covered with red crepe paper to harmonize with the rest of the decorations. A crepe paper napkin designed in poinsettias would be very appropriate.

If one prefers to use a tablecloth of paper instead of damask, the same idea can be carried out by using paper in the same color scheme. Ruffle the paper around the lower edge and have two flounces, the first of plain white and the second of the decorated paper.

Candle shades are made of cardboard frames. Cut the petals from the crepe paper the same as for the other flowers, and paste around frame, finishing it with two large green leaves and a small bow of red ribbon.

Many of the dishes served can be garnished with red beets, radishes or red peppers.

A poinsettia salad could be placed at each place. Slice off the top of a large red apple and scrape out as much of the inside as possible, fill the apple with equal portions of apple cut in small cubes, chopped celery and nuts. Moisten this mixture with cream salad dressing. Cut pimentoes in petal shaped pieces and arrange them in the form of a poinsettia on the plate. Set the apple filled with the mixture on center of plate and use small petals of the pimentoes to trim the top of the apple.

If ice cream is served for dessert, pistachio and cherry make a good combination.

As Christmas is the season of toys, table decorations which would seem absurd at any other time are very fitting on this occasion.

A table with a snow man in the center made on a wire frame and covered with cotton is very effective. Have smaller snow men at each place. Snow balls placed in groups all over the table may be surrounded with sprays of holly. The candle shades can be made of wire covered with cotton to form snow man's face.

The bonbon boxes can be small boxes covered with red crepe paper to represent a Santa Claus cap. Paste the paper around the edge of box, leaving the crepe twice the height of the box. Fringe a small piece of crepe paper to represent the tassel. Around the edge of the cap cut a band of white crepe one-half inch wide and dot with ink to represent ermine. If the cream is molded in the shape of Santa Claus in individual forms, or in the shape of snow balls, it will add to the fun of the dinner table.

Another table may have a Christmas star for a variation in the way of table ornamentation. A star may be formed of holly and edged with ribbon. The guests' places are between the points of the star. In the center of the star a candlestick with shades ornamented with stars cut out of crepe paper is placed. Stars of paper are hung all around the table.

From the chandelier by means of wire suspend a string of stars. Miniature stars decorate the canby boxes, and the favors are contained in star-shaped boxes. The nut cups are made of a six-inch star cut from cardboard covered with white crepe paper edged in gold.

The following menu may assist you in deciding what to have for Christmas dinner:

- Olives, Celery, Radishes, Blue Points on Half Shell, Cream of Celery Soup, Roasted Goose, Baked Sweet Potatoes, Creamed Cauliflower, Apple Sauce, Lettuce and Pimento Salad, Individual Plum Pudding, Hard Sauce, Raisins, Fruit, Nuts, Camembert Cheese, Omelette.

(Copyright, 1913, by W. G. Chapman.)

The Madisonian

Published Each Tuesday at Richmond, Ky. by
Grant E. Lilly, - - - - - Owner

Entered as second-class matter January 22, 1913, at the post office at Richmond, Ky., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Grant E. Lilly, - - - - - Editor
Anna D. Lilly, - - - - - Social Editor

SUBSCRIPTION RATES —
One Year \$1.00
Six Months60
Three Months35
One Month15
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GRANT E. LILLY
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

OFFICE--138 Second St., RICHMOND, KY.

TUESDAY, DEC. 23, 1913.

TO OUR PATRONS

With this issue we reach the finish of our first year of journalism in Richmond. Many years ago, we had some limited experience in this work, and some few months before launching the Madisonian we started the Estill Tribune at Irvine, Ky., which paper is still in a flourishing condition at that point.

In this first year of our experience in this city we have had much to learn, both theoretically and practically. The result of our experience is that we have learned that writing and publishing a newspaper is the hardest work that one can do. (But always excepting therefrom the practice of law.) A newspaper reaches the homes of the most learned people who are advanced in thought. It should be something more than a mere hand bill or advertising medium, and must be conducted along high intellectual planes. This we have endeavored to do, and we have given in our columns the best thought of the ablest writer of our country, on subjects dealing with the various problems of social, commercial and farm life. In doing this we have spared no expense, but have kept our paper well filled with matter, the price of which made it cost us far more than we obtained for the paper. In doing this we were building for the future. As a result, we have been gratified with the many kindly expressions of appreciation received from our readers and from the public in general, and we have been gratified that our paper has found sufficient favor and has been received in many of the best homes of the city and county. We have refused to indulge in any automobile, piano or other contests to build up a subscription list, for the reason that we believe that such a list would have no substantial basis. We preferred to receive subscriptions on the merits of the paper alone, and in this we have not been in the least disappointed, because we are getting new ones every day.

Owing to the fact that our business has been divided, both as to office and character, we have decided to concentrate the same in one building, and we will remove our law office to the suite of rooms over the Madisonian during the holidays. This will give us direct and immediate control over our entire work, and will relieve us of many vexations. We have also determined to make some alterations in the building which we occupy, and also to install some new machinery, all of which will be done during the holidays, and for this reason no paper will be issued the first week of January.

It is our intention to add new features from time to time, and keep abreast of the progress of the times. We take great pride in the preparation of this paper, and we shall continue to give it our best efforts, and our readers shall have the very best that is possible for us to give in a small country journal.

The new machinery which we will install, will give us greater

facilities for doing our job and newspaper work, and will enable us to do more of the same. Our job department shall be kept well supplied with the newest type faces, and the best and most improved machinery for turning out high class work. Richmond is entitled to the very best, and it shall have it. It is our intention to make the Madisonian one of the best offices in Eastern Kentucky. "We Lead" is a splendid motto, and it shall be our endeavor so to do. We have adopted an invariable rule, that our work shall be "one price to all," and there will be no departure from this rule.

We are glad to announce that the Madisonian has attained in one year a self sustaining position. We had some doubts about our ability to accomplish this but happily the doubt has been dispelled by the actual fact, and to those who have accommodated us with their business we return our sincerest thanks.

We wish all our friends, subscribers and patrons a Merry Christmas and a very, very Happy New Year.

THE INCOMING YEAR

Before we appear again a new year will have commenced. For Kentucky it will be a year full of great possibilities. Never before in the history of the state was such wonderful progress in its development. Eastern Kentucky is overflowing with wealth, and population is drifting that way. It is naturally the richest part of the state, and if wise and suitable laws are passed to encourage emigration and investments, the state of Kentucky will almost double its population in the next decade. One thing that hinders Kentucky more than any other is its judicial system. The eastern portion of the state has always been handicapped with the fact that its courts were behind with the dockets. The criminal business has the precedence, and for many years last past it has occupied the entire time of the courts, thereby preventing the trial of important civil litigation, which hinders the development of the state very materially. Land titles must be settled. Commercial litigation must be determined, yet all of this is made dependent on the criminals of the country. This criminal set in a few hours can do enough work with their deadly weapons to block the courts for years. So long as the present system is in vogue of giving the criminal cases the precedence, and so long as there is no criminal court separate and distinct from the circuit court for the trial of these cases, just so long will the important business of the country lag behind.

The remedy which we suggest is a complete divorcement of civil and criminal business. This is necessary absolutely, for the reason that so long as they are in the same tribunal, the civil cases are made dependent and subservient to the criminal cases from what might be termed exchange of work on the principle of "you tickle me, and I tickle you," or to be perfectly plain about the matter "you help me, and I will help you."

To effect any beneficial result, there must be a change in the constitution which can only be brought about by passing the proper amendments in the legislature and submitting it to the vote of the people for their ratification. It could be relieved very much by the passing of a bill at the incoming session of the Legislature creating the office of special judge to try criminal cases. The present special judge law is a farce, and should be immediately repealed, but this proposition we will fully discuss in a subsequent issue. To pass the bill which we named, and have eight or ten special judges appointed for the period of two years to clean up the docket, would be an immense saving to the state in witness fees and other costs. It

would be a wise expenditure of money because the direct and immediate effect of the same would be to save the state a large sum far in excess of its cost which money is now thrown away for witness claims, etc., in cases that have been hanging on the docket for years and years and continued from term to term, because the same cannot be tried. With the courts free from criminal cases which now encumber its docket, and the important civil business tried and disposed of, the state of Kentucky would be in a condition to reap one of the greatest harvests, both in money and people, in the history of the state.

"EMPTY STOCKING CLUB"

In the cities people are donating liberally to "Empty Stocking Clubs", or clubs organized for the purpose of providing Christmas for children whose parents are unable to provide them anything out of the ordinary, or who are not destined to receive a visit from "Old Santa". The funds are usually collected by the newspapers and philanthropic people and turned over to some society for judicious distribution.

Out in the country the need for such action may not be so urgent, there is always some little heart that might be gladdened by a portion of our Christmas cheer; some little child who but for the kindheartedness and thoughtfulness of some one more fortunate than themselves, may not receive a visit from "Old Santa". Can you imagine a more heart breaking disappointment to you when a child, than to arise and find an empty stocking on Xmas morning?

Will you not when you are making such lavish preparations for a "Merry Christmas" for your own little ones, allow your thoughts to turn for a moment to those less fortunate, and devote a little of what you had intended for your own, to their happiness? —Ex.

The society women of Cleveland, O., have started a war on ultra feminine attire, and declare that the latest fashions are demoralizing and degrading to society.

Carry forgiveness into your life, and remember that a chip of remembrance sometimes becomes a log of remorse.

Try to forget the evil and remember the good.

The female impersonator does his best, but women are like youth in the respect that they cannot be counterfeited.

Farmer's Union Elect Officers

At the regular annual election, December 13, the Farmer's Union of Madison county elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Dr. W. K. Price, president; Edward J. Tudor, vice-president; A. J. Million, secretary; B. J. Cotton, conductor; Elmer Powell, door-keeper and A. D. Millier, chaplain.

The board of directors for the new year are David Bogie, Ruth-ton; Collins Coy, Richmond; Green Noland, Union City; Samuel Q. Royce, Whitehall and Green Clay, Forest Hill.

Members of the Union who are tobacco raisers will be benefitted financially by at once communicating with Greely Barnes at the Union Supply Company.

Will Retire From Politics

Caleb Powers, twice elected to Congress, after having been in jail eight years awaiting trial on a charge of complicity in the shooting of Gov. William Goebel, of Kentucky, will retire from political to private life at the end of his present term, which expires March 4th, 1914.

Remember when you come to town and want seed that Covington, Thorpe & Co. handle the best that can be bought and will sell them worth the money. Come and see us at 232 West Main street. 41-1f

Jury In The Case of Maude Tipton Hangs

The jurors in the case of Maude Tipton, twenty-two years of age, charged with the murder of Reuben R. Todd, a merchant of Irvine, were unable to reach a verdict and were discharged. Eight of the jurors were for acquittal and four for conviction.

The defendant made a motion for bail, but the commonwealth objected and bail has not yet been granted. Todd was killed on the night of July 26, 1913, in the rear of Wallace's store. He was shot in breast and ran to the back of the store, expiring a few minutes later.

LATER: Bail was granted in the sum of \$3,000, which has not yet been given.

LODGE NOTES

The Knight Templars of Richmond commander No. 19, will have their annual Xmas Service on December 25, at 10 o'clock a. m. in the Templars Asylum.

The address will be made by Rev. B. C. Horton, and the committee has arranged a nice musical programme, after which refreshments will be served.

The public is hereby invited to be present on said occasion and all Sir Knights are requested to come in full dress uniform.

W. Neale Bennett,
Jas. W. Wagers,
A. M. Davidson,
Committee.

Capt. Geo. Voorhies Buried in Lexington

Accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. James B. Haggin and other relatives from New York, the body of Capt. George Voorhies, father of Mrs. Haggin, former Confederate and well known turfman, arrived in Lexington, Wednesday morning from New York in Mr. Haggin's private car. It was met at Union station by a large crowd of relatives and friends and taken to Lexington cemetery, where the funeral and interment took place. Funeral services were conducted by the Rev. J. M. Maxon, of Versailles.

Mr. Gardner, the Russian Violinist, Assisted by Miss Kean

Under the auspices of the Federated Musical Clubs of Richmond, the lovers of Music will be given a programme of the highest order, on Friday evening, January 9, at the Normal Chapel. Mr. Gardner, the famous violinist will be assisted by Miss Marian Logan Kean, pianist, which fact alone insures it's success.

She is out Again

Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, the militant suffragette leader, was again released from Holloway jail last Wednesday at noon.

She had been imprisoned only since Saturday, when she was arrested while on her way from Paris to London.

Mrs. Pankhurst was in a state of collapse as a result of a "hunger strike." As soon as she is able she will go to Switzerland to recuperate.

Amendments Held Invalid

Frankfort, Ky., Dec. 16—Judge Stout Monday overruled a demurrer to the petition in the suit to test the constitutional amendments, which in effect, holds them invalid. The case now goes to the Court of Appeals.

Furnished Rooms for Rent. Apply to Mrs. Northcutt, 206 N. Third St. 49-3f

FOR RENT

For 1914, a residence at corner of Fourth and Glyndon, containing 8 rooms, bath and light good stable and plenty of fruit on premises. Apply to B. H. Luxon, phone 374. 47-1f

TAX NOTICE

Your county tax is now due. Call and pay same before the penalty is added.
D. A. McCORD,
37-1f Sheriff.
Fruits, Nuts, Candies. A. D. Estes. 49-1f

Something Different—

That's what you want when you have your residence painted, papered or decorated. I carry a full line of Wall Papers and will submit samples to you at your home.

Painting, Papering and Decorating.

I guarantee all my work to be first-class. Estimates furnished free. County and city work solicited.

Phone No. 685
(County and City Connections)

W. L. LEEDS.

Residence--352 Woodland Ave.

To The Xmas Shoppers:

Our store will be the place, as it has always been, to supply your wants with PRACTICAL GIFTS for men, women and children. Shoes of all kinds, fur-felt house slippers for men, women and children. Neckwear and hosiery to match in Xmas boxes. Neckwear and handkerchiefs in Xmas boxes. Gloves, hosiery, men's jewelry, and mufflers. Many other articles of wear of the more kinds.

Our Store Is Full

Practical gifts, and always appreciated, because they last. We want to see you and show you before you buy.

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I have opened a new Grocery on East Main street, near Soper's Mill, and am now ready for business. My stock is absolutely fresh and consists of everything carried in a first-class grocery. I also handle

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HOLIDAYS IN HAWAII

Christmas Ranks First in the Minds of the Island People.

An Interesting Medley of Little Folks of Many Races and From Many Lands Participate in the Joyful Yule-Tide Celebrations.

By KATHERINE POPE. As in all other Christian lands, Christmas is the greatest of the many holidays in Hawaii. To realize the importance of the religious festival as compared with others I will mention a few of the others first.

The birthday of Kamehameha III., on the seventeenth of March, is celebrated by a display of bunting and the wearing of gay leis (wreaths) of flowers. Decoration day is made much of, by both the white and the brown folk. Kamehameha day, June eleventh, is a big day with the natives, a day in honor of their great king, Kamehameha I., sometimes styled the Napoleon



Christmas Tree of Hawaii.

of Hawaii. July Fourth, which now has double meaning in Hawaii, has always been the American resident's great day.

"One learns to skate in summer and to swim in winter," and one learns patriotism in a foreign land. At home, save in stirring times of war, one's heart is not apt to quicken its beat at the sound of "The Star-Spangled Banner;" at home in midsummer one does not often brave heat and crowd to listen to the reading of the Declaration of Independence; at home one does not flaunt red, white and blue on hatband and with badge; but we all know how the American in London and Berlin comports himself on this day, which when at home he tries to run away from. In the little land of Hawaii the citizen born in "the States" is not behind the American in London and Berlin. All muster, to make of the day a glorious Fourth, and no one is in the least blasé or indifferent about the celebration. The national songs rise lustily, "way up above the palm fringes; the clearest voice in the land reads the immortal words of "When in the course of human events," and reads to reverent listeners; the most inflated American glorying is accepted as the day's due; very genuine feeling swells the volume and interprets the meaning of "My country, 'tis of thee."

November 28 is Hawaiian independence day, a holiday to commemorate that on the twenty-eighth of the eleventh month of the year 1853 France and England announced, in a joint declaration, their consideration of the



Typical Native Boy.

"Sandwich Islands as an independent state." Close to Independence Day comes Thanksgiving, which is celebrated by all, the divers races in Hawaii uniting to make a holiday of the New Englander's harvest festival.

And now for the one great holiday of all the year. With us islanders, as with you of the States, Christmas is the holiday of all the year, is long looked forward to, long kept in recollection. No man so hoary, so superstitious, so clothed about with the old Hawaiian fears of evil, but that has heard of the magi and the Child; no little one in all the land but feels some influence of the spirit of the giver.

Though there is much of real Christmas in the air in the way of unselfish giving of pleasure and of renewal of youthful feelings, to you the twenty-fifth of December in Honolulu probably would not seem very much like Christmas. The gowns are white, the hats summery; many feet are bare, and at the beach considerable of the body of the native fisherman is also bare. The hibiscus hedges are aflame with blossoms, while the odors of roses, violets, stephanotis, heliotrope, plumarias and carnations make the air heavy with fragrance. There are no sleigh bells, but many merry horse-back parties; there is no skating, but

fine fishing; few indoor dances, but many picnics at Waikiki, where the seaside residences are and the beach which is the great water playground for the people of the city.

In Hawaii we are made aware of the approach of Christmas day all the preceding night. All night the Hawaiian warblers are abroad, all night the toy cannons boom, the firecrackers pop. The newcomer feels the midwinter holiday has changed places with the midsummer one, and wonders if a person can stand two "Fourths" in a year. Where I live in Honolulu sleep on the night before Christmas is impossible. Fortified, not for resistance but for a show of truce, with scores of oranges and innumerable sacks of candy, I go to my room and await, with as good grace as possible, the coming of my visitors. About midnight I hear the sound of many footsteps on the gravel, stifled mirth, the testing of strings, and then burst forth, "A ruby lip to kiss, love," and other songs of that ilk. The newcomer is surprised and asks if these be Christmas waits; says she is reminded rather of a crowd of Romeos besieging a Juliet. The Romeos at the particular balcony of which I speak, never found Juliet unresponsive, and into outstretched hands always fall a rain of goodies. There are hearty thanks called up to the windows, and many pleasant voices raised in "Merry Kreesmus! Merry Kreesmus!" The giver feels repaid, and philosophizes that the loss of one night's sleep is not so very serious.

On the islands there is an attempt made to copy the Christmas of the lands where the white man abounds; gift-making, church-going, plum-pudding and greens are used to help it out. Many of the gifts are such as you of cold climes have—toys, games, books, flowers, pictures, dolls, jewelry, finery; but, as was suggested above, there is no call for skates, sleds, mufflers, furs or velvets. The church-going is as it is with you; early mass for the Catholics, early service for the Episcopal church folk, church festivities for the little ones and the poor.

The going out into the highways and hedges is literally followed in Honolulu at this season. Brown babies from hovels hid at the foot of Diamond Head, big-eyed Portuguese girls and boys from the slopes of Punch Bowl, children sheltered in huts dotted among the lantern thickets of Kalia valley, little aquatics from Waikiki, all



A Christmas Shopping Scene.

are invited, to all the church portals are flung wide on Christmas eve. Central Union church, the stately cathedral, Kawaiahao, as well as the chapels at Makiki, Kalia and Palama, bring them into the charmed circle of the Christmas tree.

Little Ah Oi and Ah Ooe, Saito and Yokomito, too, are not forgotten or treated unfairly. Queues and kimonos have their trees, their gifts, Christmas songs writ in their tongues, patrons to act for them the part of St. Nicholas. When we peep in at this church and at that, see Saxon and Hawaiian, Portuguese, Japanese, Chinese, South Sea Islander, care for, happy, rejoicing, we seem to find some real meaning in "the brotherhood of man;" we repeat softly:

"The angels' song rings everywhere And all the earth is holy land."

What He Wanted to Know.

Millionaire (to his daughter)—Tell me, child—that young man who wants to marry you this Christmas, has he got any money?

Miss Innocence—Money, father? Why, he has just given me a cluster diamond ring studded with pearls.

Millionaire—Yes, I know. Has he any money left?

WHY TOMMY WEPT.



Nurse—Why, what's the matter, Master Tommy?

Tommy—Boo-hoo! Now I've got a gun at last, an' I'll just bet there ain't no bears around here far me as shoob!

COUNTING THE MINUTES



TELLING THEIR WANTS



HIS FIRST CHRISTMAS SURPRISE



GIFTS FOR TWO

By Katherine Hopson

(Copyright, 1915.) ALL the stores along Main street were gay with Christmas decoration. Even the window of Scarvin's curio shop bravely flaunted some brilliant holly wreaths. Edwin Lander paused before this window and stood for a long time apparently lost in contemplation of the Illigree bracelets displayed there. At last he roused himself with an effort and opened the door. At his entrance, old Scarvin, the dealer, came smiling forward rubbing his wrinkled hands.

"What may I do for you this afternoon?" he suavely asked, while his shrewd, beady eyes noted every detail of his customer's tall, well-dressed figure.

"I should like to look at something that would be suitable as a Christmas present for a lady," Lander answered briskly, but a keen observer would have noticed that his cheerfulness was forced, and in his eyes was a look of utter weariness.

"Certainly, certainly, right over here," said Scarvin, leading the way to a case where some quaint necklaces were displayed. "This amethyst one



Spread Open the Book Enticingly.

has the antique setting that is so much in vogue."

Lander gravely touched the silver links and thought: "My affair with Marguerite is what Aunt Collins would call 'between grass and hay.' It is past the candy-and-flower stage; but has hardly arrived at jewels—"

Then aloud he said: "No, I had in mind something different—a book perhaps."

"Ah, the very thing!" Scarvin dove into a dusty corner and brought forth a foreign-looking volume whose brown leather binding was curiously marked with pearls.

"Early English poems, after the old missal style, and hand illuminated," the dealer spread open the book enticingly.

Lander turned over the leaves with interest. "Yes, I believe this is unique and costly enough to please even the fastidious Marguerite," his thin lips curved in a cynical smile. "I'll take it," he remarked with the brevity of the average masculine shopper when he finds something which strikes his fancy.

As he threw down a bill he was annoyed to see how his hands shook. "Burning the candle at both ends has had an effect," he thought, and as he left the shop, added: "This mixing of business and society is the pace that kills. I suppose stimulants will be the next resort."

He recalled last Christmas at his former boarding place, and of the friends there—especially Alice Gleason. Whenever he thought of her now, it was with a sense of remorse. They had been very warm friends, but since his sudden advancement in business had necessitated more commodious surroundings, he had seen little of her. He had really not meant to neglect the old friends when he began to go more into society and make new ones, but unconsciously he had drifted away from the little circle on Fleet street.

"The shabby old place seemed a more like home than my new quarters ever will," he muttered, and a realization came to him that it was Alice

with her sympathetic voice and restful ways who had made it seem so. No matter how tired she might be with her day in the schoolroom, she was always ready to rejoice or sympathize. "I'll send her some roses—the finest I can find," he declared with a sudden rush of remorseful tenderness. He entered a flower shop and bought a huge bunch of velvety American Beauties. "Send them to this address," he told the dealer and gave him a card.

Next door was the establishment of an expensive furrier, and a Lander passed the window, he saw Marguerite Fenton looking at a set of brown lynx. The rich tones went well with her brown eyes and tawny hair. As she stood there with the soft fur about her, she reminded him of some barbaric princess. Ever since he had first met her at a dinner given at the home of the senior member of the firm, Lander had been greatly fascinated, and felt that her beauty and position fitted in with his ambitious dreams. Yet, strangely enough, today her beauty did not make its usual appeal to him that mingled with her sinuous grace, was also something of feline cruelty.

"Those furs probably cost more than my month's salary," he muttered. "Her insatiable craving for luxury would fasten itself, vampire like, on the life blood of the man who marries her!"

He strode down the street, feeling that the crowded cars would stiffen him, and longing for the sense of physical motion and the stinging air against his face. When he reached his rooms he found on the table an invitation from Mrs. Dane, a prominent society hostess, inviting him to attend a dinner she was giving that night.

"That doesn't fit in with the load of work I must get through with before office hours tomorrow." Wearily he laid a package of business papers on the table and rested his head in his hands. "What does it all amount to—what does life amount to?" he questioned despondently. "These people who invite me do not really care for me. It is merely because I fill in and make an agreeable dinner guest, and for that I have practically given up my old friends."

He realized that his present mood was the reaction from exhilaration of conquest which the past year of almost spectacular success had given him.

"I'd like to chuck the whole thing and go back. If only I could have a talk with Alice in the old way, I'd feel myself again." He sat up with new energy. "Wonder if she'd let me come?"

There was need to look in the telephone book for the familiar number. With breathless suspense he waited while the landlady called Miss Gleason to the phone, and at the sound of her voice his heart began to pound boyishly. She was serenely gracious, yet he detected a note of surprise as he asked permission to call. Then she spoke of the roses, and added:

"I can't begin to describe my delight over that quaint old English book. It filled a long-felt want for the possession of a real first edition." Mechanically he responded, questioning himself the while: "What book? Did I make a mistake and send Miss Fenton's Christmas gift to Alice? In my dogged weariness I must have given the dealer the wrong address." He thought of Marguerite's demand of the best of her due, and a sense of impish joy erupted over him at the mistake which had defeated the usual order.

He sent a messenger boy with a note to Mrs. Dane confining regrets for the dinner, then dressed and hurried to the lodging house on Fleet street.

"Sure, and you're a stranger to these days, Mr. Lander," remarked the "fid" who opened the door. As she went upstairs to call Miss Gleason her round Irish face reminded him of a merry full moon. He glanced at the worn old haircloth sofa, and center table strewn with magazines, the familiar shabbiness of the little parlor made the past year seem as unreal as a feverish dream.

When Alice entered she seemed to bring with her an atmosphere of serenity and peace. Eagerly he rose, then sank back on the sofa, his face went white and everything blurred before him.

"What is it, Edwin, are you ill?" she cried, in her alarm the old name slipped out unconsciously.

He passed his hand over his eyes in a dazed fashion. "No—it is nothing," he muttered. Then, earnestly, "I am tired—wearied with life as it is. It is only you I want, Alice, you, alone in the wide world that I love. Is there any hope?"

His voice sank almost to a whisper and for one tense moment there was silence in the little room. Then, by way of answer, she drew the poor, tired face against her breast with a gesture of ineffable tenderness.

In that moment, Lander felt that to his weary questionings as to what was worth while, the answer was not material success, but love which means life in its fullness.

Curious Christmas Superstition.

On Christmas eve, at midnight, country people in England believe that the Christ child revisits the earth. Sometimes, therefore, if there is a sick child in the house, the mother will take the little one to the door, just before midnight, and wait till the hour strikes. If the child recovers, it is because the Babe of Bethlehem has touched it with healing fingers during the earthward journey. But if the child sickens and dies, all is well, for the mother heart is comforted by the thought that the little one was called by the Christ child to be his "play mate" in heaven.

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